THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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BY

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

TERMS.

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SELECTED TALES.

DEAF UNCLE JEFFRY AND THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

(*Concluded.*)

'And now tell me your plans, and if there is anything I can help you in, and really you need not speak so loud. You know I could always hear *you* even when I was very hard of hearing. Now tell me your plans.'

'O,' said the little old maid, 'they are soon told. The people who lived here were Mrs. Pokenham's servants, and they are very kind to me, and I have got plenty of work, and I am quite happy and contented. Only if you want any shirts making——'

'I certainly would not let you do them.'

'O!' exclaimed poor Fanny Carr.

'No, that I would not—for your gentleness, your kindness, your simplicity, your disinterestedness of character, deserve something better. Now you have told me your plans, shall I tell you mine?'

'Yes, if you please,' said the little old maid.

'Well, then, to begin with myself,' said uncle Jeffery, 'I have a few thousands a year, I have a carriage and horses, and servants, and a very good house, and gardens and orchards, and pleasure grounds—and I believe that all my own county consider me rather a respectable man.'

Fanny Carr got up and courtseyed.

'But yet I have the character of being a severe and sarcastic and morose man,'

'O no, that you are not!' warmly interrupted the little old maid.

'I am glad that you do not think so. Well, I have one want in my house. Can you guess what it is?'

Fanny looked puzzled. 'Money will buy everything.'

'Not the thing that I want.'

Then it must be something very particular indeed.'

'*It is* something very particular indeed.'

'O, I'll help you to find it.'

'That is very kind and I hope you will—I want—something to love.'

'The world is full of such things,' said the little old maid.'

'To you who love every thing from the overflowing of your heart, but not to me.'

Poor Fanny looked infinitely perplexed. 'I wish I could do any thing to help you.'

'You can. I told you I had a carriage and servants, and house and furniture, and plate and money, but I have no one to share them with me—no one to ride with me, sit with me, walk with me, talk with me, take the head of my table—to love me if they could. In short I want a wife. Will you take the troublesome office?'

'O Mr. Jeffery!' exclaimed Fanny Carr, with a face as red as blushes could make it.

The plain brown chariot, with the brown horses and brown hammercloth, and the servants in brown liveries, drew up with a great dash, quite in an unusual manner, at Mr. Pokenham's door. It was very evident that every thing belonging to the brown affair was in a considerable state of excitement, in fact quite in a Brown fever, or sort of effervescence, and some way or other the agitation was communicated to the family of the Pokenhams within.

'Who can it be?' exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham? 'Don't bring them in here, but show them into the drawing-room. I always like to receive carriage people in the drawing room—and Jane, fetch me a clean pair of gloves.'

'*La*, mama, a wedding? look at the white favors!' exclaimed Miss Pokenham the first.

'Then there's one chance less in the world,' said Miss Pokenham the second.

'It's all right,' said Master Daniel,' 'I like bridecake, and I don't care how many people marry and are miserable, so that I get a good feast by it.'

'I like the quarrelling quite as well as the cake,' said Master Humphrey.

'Look!' exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. 'I declare if it is not deaf uncle Jeff!—I thought he'd soon want to be back again, if that little deceitful Fanny Carr had not poisoned his mind.'

'He's a good customer,' said Master *Dan.*'

'Mama's legacy will keep well, it will be fine high game,' said Master Humphrey.

'How smart uncle Jeff is?' said Miss. Pokenham the first.

'White silks and pumps, I declare, and a flower in his button-hole?'

'And what on earth is that little lump of finery behind him!' said Miss Pokenham the second.

'Why, goodness gracious? you don't think that uncle Jeff has been such an old stupid as to get married himself!' said Miss Pokenham the first.

'I shall faint at the bare supposition,' exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham—'an unnatural monster!'

'Here he comes, and his queen doll with him.

Uncle Jeffery walked into the room as stately as the tallest grenadier in the service of Frederick the Great, dragging after him a bundle of white satin and white lace and French blond and white kid gloves and orange blossoms, and it really was astonishing to see how many dozens of yards they had managed to tie up together.

'It is you, uncle Jeffery?' shouted Mrs. Pokenham, of course not at all expecting an answer to her question.

'Yes, I have brought myself and my better half.'

'What do you mean, uncle Jeffery?'

'You need not talk so loud,' said uncle Jeffery.

'True, true,' said Mrs. Pokenham, 'I had forgot that you are not at all hard of hearing.'

'I am not,' said uncle Jeffery:

Mrs. Pokenham started in spite of herself.

'I always told you that I was not deaf.'

'You did, of course you did.'

'But you never believed me.'

'Yes, that I am sure I did,' shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

'Speak in a whisper as you used to do. *Can't* you tell each other what a fool and a dolt, and what a piece of ugliness deaf uncle Jeff was.

'O uncle, and can you really hear?'

'Ay, a pin fall to the ground. I always had excellent hearing.'

'Yes, uncle, I knew you had.'

'But you don't believe it.'

'O certainly, certainly.'

'Well, if some people are hard of hearing, others are hard of belief. Perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you that I am married

'Married! and to whom?'

Uncle Jeffrey lifted up the veil of the bundle of white satin and pomps and vanities, and introduced Mrs. Jeffrey.'

'Fanny Carr!' exclaimed the whole congregation.

'Wretch of a man!' exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. 'Is it thus you come to wound our feelings.'

'And to make you what I hope you will consider a handsome present.'

How liberal! how kind! exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham, her hopes reviving.

'Yes, indeed, I have brought you my earhorn tied with white riband, and I hope you will keep it hung up here in the drawing room, to remind you of cross deaf, uncle Jeff.'

A STORY OF OLDEN TIME.

When Turkies smoked and Geese chewed Tobacco.

By a statute law of the State of New York, from December to April, all persons were prohibited from killing deer, under a penalty of ten dollars, half the fine going to the complainant, and in default of payment, ten lashes upon the naked back.

A Yankee, passing through the State of New York, near Albany, in the month of January, observed a young Dutchman, from his barn door, squinting at a deer about thirty paces from him, and soliloquizing thus:

'Mine Cot! if I had mine gun here and it was not the law, I whould have some teer for mine tinner.'

The Yankee had a rifle with him, and immediately shot the deer, and threw his rifle into the snow, unobserved by the Dutchman, and running up to him said,

'Ah my good fellow, you have been killing a deer—for I saw you—you shot him with your shovel.'

The Dutchman replied—'Mine Cot! I did not think it would go off before.'

'Well,' said the Yankee 'you have killed the deer, and I will go to the justice and complain of you, unless you give me the skin and two dollars.'

'Vell,' said the Dutchman—'though I did not think my tampt old shovel would go off, dat is better dan pay ten dollars.'

So that bargain is concluded—the Yankee, receiving the skin and two dollars, left the Dutchman to take care of his venison.

While the Dutchman was taking care of the way, another Dutchman came up and threatened to complain, upon which Hans, the shovel shooter, related all that had passed between him and the Yankee.

Vanderhausen told Hans he had been imposed upon—that the Yankee killed the deer himself. The two Dutchmen then agreed to pursue the Yankee, and to bring him before the justice and have him fined.

They soon overtook him and carried him before the justice—and Hans entered his complaint pro bono publico. Whereupon the justice, after hearing all the testimony, pros and cons, and taking the subject matter into cool, serious, and deliberate consideration, came to the conclusion that the Yankee killed the deer, with a *certain* instrument called the rifle, and that he shall pay a fine of ten dollars, or be whipped ten lashes. The Yankee chose the latter. The justice then ordered the Yankee to be stripped, tied to a tree, and the whip applied. There being no officer present, the justice concluded to do the whipping himself, and at it he went. After he had given the Yankee five lashes, and was proceeding to give him the other five, the Yankee bawled out 'Stop!'

'Vot,' said the justice, there is five more to come.'

The Yankee then informed the justice that half [the other five] went to the complainant.

Justice—'Dat is the law, by Cot—*on*-tie the Yankee—tie up the Tutchman—I'll give him the other half.'

John Randolph was wont to speak in no very high terms of the republican capital. At one time he called it the city of splendid misery and gilded poverty.' At another 'the town of magnificent distances.' It was christened by another—'the town where starved spiders feed on half starved flies.'

To 'save at the spigot and let out at the bung,' will empty the biggest hogshead—so will economy in small matters, and waste in large ones, speedily squander the largest estates.

A lunatic in Greenwich Hospital, England, has been lately made the legatee of 120,000*l.* bequeathed to him by his aunt. He is too crazy to take care of himself, and so his wife takes care of it for him. A nice little fortune all to herself.

There is a paper about to be established in the city of *Richmond*, called 'The Tedious Thunder Splitter, or Lightning let loose, and the World Astonishing Palladium.'

From the True Whig.

THE ATTACKS ON MR. CLAY.

The name and talents of Henry Clay are American property, and what true American will not be proud of them? That Locofocos should assail him, is not strange. It is a compliment. But that a press yclept Whig should open upon him—*Et tu Brute!*

And what is the provocation? Mr. Clay has talents, and employs them? *He* is an American statesman that has done some service? He is seen and appreciated? He has been thought of for President, and may be thought of again? This last is the great offence.

But the charge is that he cherishes the aspiration! So many American citizens, and strive for it too. Is it not a noble ambition?

Mr. Clay, however, has not said a word? has friends have said little, and most of them nothing—yet others are in the field—Old Iron Sides—our minister at Paris—the Hero of Chippewa—the late incumbent—and the present incumbent.

The present incumbent is there by his position—unless his committal to One Term shall raise some scruples of conscience His official organ however, has in substance announced, that he will by and by submit his policy to the American people, and in various, not unintelligible terms, is accustomed to assert his claims. The beauty of it is, that the official seems to labor under the impression, that nobody else has a right to appear or be brought on the course.

Mr. Clay cannot help being Mr. Clay unless he commits suicide. It will not be denied, that a commendable ambition has prompted him onward, from his youth, in a brilliant and eminently successful career—that he has served his adopted State and his country long and well—that the reputation he has acquired, has been well earned—that the American people by honoring him, honor themselves—that such a light cannot but shine—and that it is no fault of his, that he is eminent and influential. What then, is his sin?

He is honest and frank. Is that base? He has his opinions. Who has not? He utters them. Has he not the right? The American people respect him. Are they fools? Then tell them so.

What then, is Mr. Clay's offending? It is, that God has endowed him with high gifts—that he has used them to some effect—and that there are those who wish him out of the way.

We venture to suggest, that all the unprovoked, uncalled for attacks upon Mr. Clay, are no more than a waste of ammunition—and there is not an American feeling in a true American breast, that does not revolt at the spectacle, and turn away in disgust—that every blow, thus stricken, will elevate the man it is intended to fell, and that every aspersion thus cast, will be blown back by the breath of popular indignation, and stick to the assailants. Whatever faults Henry Clay may have, he fills a large space in the respect and affections of the American people. They know the man, they revere his talents, and they love him.

In these remarks we simply discharge the duty of an American citizen to an American statesman, to whom every American owes much, and of whom, as a compatriot, if an American fails to be proud, he is unworthy of the name. If Mr. Clay is a candidate for the Presidency, it is because he cannot help it—because the eyes of the nation, and the finger of mankind point to him as such. When the world shall see such a man, who fills so large a space in the American history, set aside by parvenus, it will be time enough to wonder at the event.—[*N. Carolina paper.*

[This True Whig man, wields an able pen. He is as powerful reasoner, though we cannot praise his politeness, as he refuses to exchange with us—so does the "Independent," a bad sign! in our opinion.

A countryman observing an advertisement of a fencing master, at $12 a quarter, supposing his intention was to enclose fields on an improved plan, called to enquire if he meant to find stuff.'

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 12, 1842.

INCREASE OF EXPENDITURES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—*Concluded.*

In our last paper we had merely concluded the increase of messengers from 1832 to 1838, which was 14, at from $60 to $67, say sixty-five the average, it amounts to six thousand dollars, the exact amount, however, cannot be accurately ascertained, as some of them stay in the year round, and all for a month or two after and the same in advance of the sessions.

The pages have increased in the same proportion, at from $1,50 per day, and $200 at the end of the session!!!! and every thing furnished the House, such as stationary, pens, &c. upon the most extravagant style, the whole amounting to $205,962 77 for the short session of the 25th Congress. The greatest portion of this was paid to Langtree & O'Sullivan, then the open supporters of Col. Benton for the Presidential chair.

From 4th March, 1839, to Feb. 1st 1840, . . . $33,733 03 for printing, stationary, &c. and about $12,000 was paid for coloring and engraving maps, a few of which was pocketed by members, and the rest sold to grocers by the messengers and pages for wrapping paper.

We bought several pounds of it for wrappers for our paper—cart loads of these, and documents, together with stationary left from the sessions, were sent to Baltimore Philadelphia and New York—and [so it is said) sold at auction. All that we know of the matter is, that we saw large quantities of documents, and something resembling stationary conveyed in wheelbarrows from the Capitol to one of the messengers houses by his son, likewise a messenger.

Having removed from the wheel barrow street four years since, we cannot say how matters go on in the stationary line since. But it is well known the messenger grew suddenly rich, in lots, and houses, and money to loan, on interest, and yet he is still kept in, Congress Post Office by Mr. McCommick. Let his wealth be derived from what source it may, it is certain he did not earn it by hard labor. But to the facts. Mr. Beck, that is his name, owns the following property in this city, viz—

On A street south, a frame dwelling house . . .	;		1
	brick	.	2
On 3d street east, frame	do	.	2
	brick	do .	1
On east Capitol st. frame	do	.	2
On 1st street, *east* frame dwelling house . . .		.	2
On C street *south.*	do	do	1
" B street *north,* brick,		.	2
			13

One would think the gentleman might be allowed to retire, and let some *worthy*, indigent man have his place, if, indeed, an Assistant Postmaster be necessary, WHICH IT IS NOT, and if Mr. McCormick cannot attend to the office himself as formerly, the House can very easily find one that will. Such a thing was never known, as an extra Postmaster, until the late administration. Did Mr. Rapine have one? Every one knows he had not.

Mr. McCormick calls Mr. *Beck* a messenger in the contingent acc't. What right has he to run the country to an expence of, heaven knows how much, *for a messenger?* What authority has he to do so?

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that this Mr. Beck, the pretended lackey of the Postmaster, has acquired the means of building and purchasing those fine houses since he has been in the Capitol, (where Mr. McCormick says he, Beck, is "engaged night and day," no doubt of it) by perquisites, or as the boys call it, "the run of the Capitol," we do not assert that he has, but this we assert, he must have made it there, or by enchantment, would Mr. McCormick say this was right? Would he hold himself responsible for such a case? or Congress would be fulfilling their duty to allow it. He has two messengers besides—Messrs. Sweeny and Moore. If these are not enough, there are more than twenty within call in the folding-room.

But the fact is, this Mr. *Beck* is the head man of the Post Office—the first man to sieze the mail when it is brought in, and with coat off, shirt sleeves rolled up, dives into it up to the elbows, feeling for gold watches, perhaps—and where is the Postmaster all this time? At home in bed, or taking his comfort somewhere else.

All this we have seen, and Mr. McCormick evidently dare not discard him, for secret reasons best known to themselves but some people surmise, he buys his place, like he did under a former door-keeper.

As Mr. Beck is a *Whig*, we trust for the honor of our WHIG CONGRESS, who are docking poor *honest* messengers in the departements, and our Wise members of the House, now that they have the upper-hand, this Post Office may be brought back to its former purity, and that members may be without the reproach of extravagance brought against them by the opposition. In this Post Office, a canker-worm is concealed, which will eat its way through the Capitol, and thence through every department of the government.

As Mr. *Beck* is a very pious member of the church, too, let him, and his pious brother of the library have a foreign mission to convert the heathen.

But every thing in and about the *Capitol* has been allowed to reach a point of extravagance and wanton waste of the public treasure, until the most prolific invention could no longer devise new objects of expence. Members themselves, for the most part, taking the lead—witness the great chandalier, and millions of books,* while revolutionary claimants are suffering of want! This is what emptied the treasury.

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* There is a species of *Burr* that sticks to the Capitol like wax.

We should think the Hall [between Mr. Adams and his opponents] has been hot enough the present session to dissolve Mr. B's sticking properties:

Hon. *George W. Summers* seems to have got hold of them. We hope he may catch this Burr.

NEW MEMBERS.

We have not had an opportunity to see any of the new members of Congress this session, but hope to have that pleasure ere long, since the days begin to lengthen.

(*To be continued*)

[COMMUNICATED.]

Mrs. Owner's, Penn. Avenue.

At this house the mess is composed principally of New York members, and their families—being small, it has all the comfort of private and domestic arrangement, and yet is sufficiently large to inspire pleasure and happiness of association: Our "call" on last Saturday was made exceedingly agreeable by an interview, which we would gladly have lengthened. The city, though now crowded with beauty and fascination from all sections, has not in its precints one more happily and correctly combining both qualifications, than her who by pre-eminent merit, is entitled to our best and serious consideration.

Mrs. Mary White is from the Empire city, blooming in all the rich freshness of youthful elasticity, captivating in manners melodious in conversation, sparkling with witty and playful spirit, and yet uniting every grace of high endowment, with luxuriant genius. Our intercourse with the gay and fashionable, has afforded ample opportunity for discrimination and observation, and without manifesting an undue preference, truth compels us to say, that we have never seen her superior, and very rarely her equal. As we entered the parlor, she was just returning from the toilet, arrayed in solemn sable, modestly and kindly she extended her hand. It *felt* like the touch of friendship—for that we love her—for it captivated, without parade or pride, and every ease and softness of style commanded our admiration. No look of haughtiness, and still all the tone and sentiment of lofty woman. What woman can and ought to be is she. Not more than five-and-twenty suns have passed, and she is a widow, *alone* in the world. We question whether another year rolls by, before some wooing swain perfects a happiness, which every devotion and love cannot appreciate. Hers is a poetic face, like a full bud, bursting before the sun of noon-day spring. It imparts beauty, fragrance, happiness around—gracefully curling down her tinted cheeks, in sportive gambols, do auburn ringlets dance delight, while hazel eyes, light a picture hung with dark and deep repose. Added to this, a Hebe's form, gracefully supports her Venus burden, and in tripping by, with last adieu, we felt as only waked from a trancing dream—our powers cannot express any idea of her worth. It failing, we only say, to estimate the value of such a woman, *know* her, and only then will you learn, how weak are man's resources in estimating perfection.

Mrs. *Blair* is the good lady of the member of that name from New York—young, mild and placid as a summer's breeze, without a ripple to disturb the surface of a gently flowing lake, she personifies all tender, subdued and delicate. *Her* disposition is happily wedded with this mild appearance, and is well calculated to win the affections of all who approach her. Her eyes are blue, and rich in brilliancy—her hair almost jet. She is loved by all, and envied by none, for virtue such as hers, is ever respected by a calculating and selfish world.

Mrs. *Trumbull*, truly represents a lady of the finished old school. Precise, formal, and yet much generosity of disposition. From report, we should say her mind was highly cultivated, and one of the lady *literati* of Washington.

Mrs. *John C. Clark* has so often commanded our attention, that but little remains for us to say of merits which we would gladly command our pen. Were our ability corresponding to the theme, public criticism would hold no terrors as to the result. Her visit during the fall, has added much freshness and vigor to a mild and love inspiring person. Her health seems improved, her step firm, her conversation beaming good nature—take her all in all, were she in the list of single of single ones, competitors would feel the force of her artillery. As it is, God has ordained better. A happy and loving wife, a fond and affectionate mother, who would have a higher or better reputation?

Mrs. *John Young*, for the first time, visits the common centre of great and small men, called the Capitol of these United States. She was leaving "to hear Mr. Adams" when we called, and therefore our judgment is rather restricted in expression. She is tall, handsome and graceful, moved along with polished style, and looked all a lady. To her and others we may return again.

[The writer would be a profitable assistant to the editor of the Madisonian. He could do the *plastering* portion of the work for President Tyler.

It is due to our friends at Mrs. Owner's to say, that we had already in the press a sketch, done in our own humble way, something similar to the above, when a *peremptory* and authorative, not to say insolent, order came to the editress, that we "must put that away," to use the gentleman's elegant phrazeology, "and put this in"—meaning the communication, and with the very modest request, or rather command, to put it in as ☞editorial,☜ "editorial or not at all."

A reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one—'D—d this old surplice,' said he to the clerk, 'I think the devil is in it!' The astonished clerk waited till the patson had got it on, and then most irreverently answered—'I think as how a is zir!'

PUBLIC MORALS.

At a large meeting of the citizens lately held in New York amongst others the following resolution was adopted.—

'Resolved, That it is a lamentable fact, which every right feeling citizen must deplore, that, for the last few years, a revolution in public morals has been in progress,' which threatens to destroy the character of this country in the eyes of the whole civilized world. Bank robberies and failures to an unprecedented extent—defalcation of public and private officers—repudiation of debts by sovereign States—increase of crimes to a fearful degree—together with the *Herculean*, and not unsuccessful efforts of many to procure an unconstitutional and arbitrary *law* for the extinguishment of debt, are all offsprings of the same parent, and evidences of the devastation to which the public mind and morals have unhappily been subjected.'

Ah! what say you to this, Mr. New York Express! Is this what you mean, when you say those missionary societies "have civilized and christianized the whole globe?" They have civilized the globe with a vengence.

It is time for the people to open their eyes and raise their voices against those imposters who "devour widow's houses."

Scarce as money is, and hard as the times are, those fellows are busily engaged at this time in this city of Washington, raising money for the Lord. It is impious to encourage such swindling. We have only to say, that if the Almighty cannot save souls without money, they will never be saved.

☞COL. BENTON.☜

The gentleman refuses to take Treasury notes as pay for his services. How did he get his pay, in 1837, '38, '39, '40 and '41, when the 25th and 26th Congress issued Treasury notes as follows:

Amount of Treasury Notes issued under the provisions of the act of Congress of 1837, 1838, 1839 and 1840, . .	$26,681,337 53
Issued under act of February 15, 1841, prior to the 4th March, . :	673,681 32
Since the 4th of March, .	6,190,405 60

MASTER HAMPTON.

We thank Master H. for his very polite attention in sending the Lady's Book for Feb'y, a most agreeable treat indeed, and we are extremely sorry we have not room to say more of those rich and time-beguiling stories at present.

How to make Money—Hallo, Dick, where did you get those new clothes?

'Why, you see, I plagued a rich fellow till he gave me a slap on the jaw—I prosecuted him, his friend bought me off, and I agreed to hush the matter up. I'm going to set up business in that line now, and I expect to make a fortune at it soon.'

A *Beggar's Bequest.*—Hawkie, taken ill after a surfeit of drinking, was waited on by a medical gentleman in Glasgow, who had been very attentive to him, and besides advice, had given him his cast off clothes, and supplies of the needful. 'Now Mr. Hawkie,' said he, 'what are you to leave me for a' the trouble I have taken with you, you have had sufficient time to make a settlement.' 'Weel, I hae had time, I'm no' gaun to forget your kindness, and I'll leave you something to keep me in remembrance—I'm laird o' twa woods, my stilt and my staff, and ther're no entailed, I'll leave ye ane o' them, and gie ye your choice.'

'You see, my darter wears her hair like the Queen—consekently I should wish her to be taken as sich.'

'Wery madam—'pon honor—a *fact similar*, 'pon honor.'

Mrs. Periwinkle, do you know that my darter has a strong 'semblance to the Queen Wictory?'

'La! no—you don't say so! What is it?'

'Why don't you know the Queen is weak in her ancles, and so is my darter?'

'Bless me, Mrs. Periwinkle, then my Peggy can brag of something like it too—for she's got a houtrageous great fever sore on her left leg.'

The cut accompanying the above is inimitable.

POETRY.

HOLE IN THE STOCKING.

How queerly does a fellow feel
A walking in the street,
When he's aware his stocking heel
Makes visible his feet.

He knows the females as they walk
Before him behind,
Of his deficiency will talk—
For they are never blind.

He fancies he can hear them say,
'That is a curious chap,
To curl his hair and dress so gay—
With such a stocking gap.'

He lifts his foot up awkwardly,
And puts it down again.
And tries to pass, that none may see.
But labors all in vain.
He fancies, too, a thousand girls
To see his shame are flocking—
O, who can tell the horrors of
A single holy stocking.

THE MINIATURE.

Edward was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife,
Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life.
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the treasure still,
Absorb'd, delighted, and amazed.
To view the artist's skill.
'This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true—
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again.
It is so much like you.'
'And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?
'Why—no—my love!' said he—
'Then, Edward, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all like me!

An Apt Reply.—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of 'Hear, hear.' Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. 'Where exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, 'where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than this!'—'Hear!' hear!' was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench.—The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but their unfortune subject.

Shaving in Spain.—An Irish gentleman travelling through Spain, went into a barber shop to get shaved. The man of foam with great obsequiousness placed his customer on the chair, and commenced operations by spitting on the soap and rubbing it over the gentleman's face. 'Blood and 'ounds,' was the illigant remark of the Irishman, 'is that the way you shave a gentleman?' at the same time preparing in his wrath to overturn the wig minister. 'It is the way we shave a gentleman, Senhor.'' 'Then how do you shave a poor man?' 'We spit on his face and rub the soap over that,' was the Spaniard's reply. 'Oh, then if I remember nothing else but the one thing, it'll be the Spanish barber's distinction.' And so saying the Hibernian rose, and paid the demand and departed.

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.—During one of the college vacations, he and his brother returned to their father's, in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, 'What's the matter, Dan!' 'My scythe don't hang right, sir,' he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and it was not long before it wanted fixing again—and the father said in a pet, 'Well, hang it to suit yourself,' Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the next tree—and putting on a grave countenance, said, 'It hangs very well now—I'm perfectly satisfied.'

Purity of heart, is of all virtues the most elevated. A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered—I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

NEW GROCERY.

Mr James Given has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that he has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store, and latterly by the office of the Native American, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, with every article in the Grocery line.

$100 REWARD.

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For the cure of Gonorrhoa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the uretha of either sex.

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☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue' and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street, and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th areet, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

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BOARDING HOUSE,
Pennsylvania Avenne,
NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL,
WASHINGTON.

FRESH
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at
J. F. CALLAN'S,
Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th streets,
WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale or Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch Lettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silver, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Sponge round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise all the new varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices

*** Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

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Remember the genuine as described below his is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consul Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold

Daring Fraud.—his article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchase or used unless it have, the name of L. SOMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK & CO.
Wholesale Druggists, New York

A great variety of the most worthless trash for the hair has sprung up on the credit of this article. This has stood the test of 21 years, and rapidly increased in favor.

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His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

Terms of Subscription—$3 per annum. $2 if paid in advance $1,25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each insertion. No yearly advertising admitted lahese terms have been adopted both because me number of subscribers are so much trger than allt ne daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisments affords no interest to the readers.

Papers discontinued only at the option the publishers, while arrearages are due.

Small notes are received in payment of our bills,

Any person forwarding $10 will be entitled to six copies.

Postage on letters must invariably be paid.

Travelling Agents will much oblige by sending the numbers and time paid for, as well as invariably the names paid.

All remittances of money by mail are acknowledged in the 'Receipts by Mail.'

Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even.

When, a single paper is ordered by an agent and postage accrues, if is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, he office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

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BY
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He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory
AND
UPHOLSTER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the railroad depot and Capitol gate, will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Bedsteads
Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

☞Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture for new will be accommodated.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Hand jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season, both in the eating and drinking way. Gentlemen will please call and taste for themselves.

Mar 1840 J. W. DEXTER.

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Georgetown, O by Linthic

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Repairing done as usual.

CONFECTIONARY.

THE SUBSCRIBER having remove from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of article in his line; Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety of Fruit Nuts, &c. H. BARN

PROPOSALS
FOR
PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

The Authentic Report of the Controversial Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev Thomas Maguire, and the Rev R. T P. Pope.

This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary vidity, and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhusted to the last copy; and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without sporessing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing-Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon Utica, N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod, Georgetown, D. C.;—Mr. Peter Haynes, Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S. Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this great controversy has converted more secularies to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the utmost value.

CONDITIONS.

1. One thousand copies only will be printed.

2. The paper and print will both be excellent.

3. It will be issued in weekly parts of twelve and a-half cents each part payable on delivery.

4. The number of parts it will make cannot be ascertained with accuracy at present, but should it exceed eight, the overplus will be given gratis.

Cabinet Maker, Printer's Joiner, and Undertaker.

The subscriber informs the public, that he is now about to commence in the various branches of his business at his stand, near 7th street, between E and F streets, formerly occupied by Nathan Smith. He will make to order all kinds of CABINET WORK, at the shortest notice, PRINTER'S FURNITURE of every description made to order, and a portion will be kept on hand to suit the patterns of Intelligencer and Globe. He will attend at FUNERALS, as usual, in the city or country, at the shortest notice. Long experience in the business, directs him to adopt the northern custom of keeping coffins ready made on hand, with Shrouds, Sheets and every thing necessary for immediate interment, in case of plague and sudden death. Two first-rate Hearses always in readiness to attend in this city or in the country.

june 15 PETER CALLAN.

PHILADELPHIA TYPE FOUNDRY JOHNSON & SMITH. No. 6 George street, [between 6th and 7th,] keep constantly on hand type, Presses, Printing Types and Printing Materials of every description.

The following are the prices of Printing Types, at six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 7 1-2 per cen or cash.

	TALI		
Pearl	75	Double G. Prim	
Nonpareil	8	Double Paragon	38
Minion	75	Cannon	38
Brevier	66	Fiveline Pica	34
Bourgeois	38	Six line Pica	32
Long Primer	34	Most of the	
Pica	43	Six line Pica	
English	38	and larger, are	
Great Primer	38	cut on wood,	
Paragon	38	and are from	
Double Pica	38	5 to 37 1-2 1cts	
Double English	38	per letter.	

INDIAN RESTORATIVE

For Restoring and Promoting the Growth of Hair.

THIS article not only promotes the Growth of Hair, but makes it soft and pliable. It prevents its falling off, and affords effectual nourishment to the Roots, restores it to its natural color, improves the beauty, and gradually changes light or red hair, to that of a brown or black. It also removes Dandruff, prevents baldness, and so extremely pleasant to use, that parents will find it of great advantage in cleaning children's heads; (as it is of great benefit to the health,) and is far superior to other Restoratives, Balsams or Oils—and particularly in cases of Fever, when the hair begins to fall off. There has never been any thing so effectual as the 'Indian Restorative,'

To be had Wholesale and Retail of Charles Stott, corner of 7th street and Penn. Av. Washington City, D. C.

In Baltimore by Dr. A. Penn, No. 2 Ninth street.

THORPE'S VEGETABLE ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. A sovereign remedy in cases of Bilious Indigestion, or Foul Stomach; Dyspepsia, such as loss of Appetite; Nausea, or Sickness at the Stomach Costiveness; Languid lowness of Spirits, Giddiness; Palpitation of the Heart

For cleansing the stomach and removing the bile they stand unrivalled; they are a safe but excellent preventative of all disorder originating from a foul stomach.

They are mild in their action, and purge but little, and are an excellent purifier of the blood.

N. B. These Pills contain no Mercury whatever, and may be taken without regard to diet and exposure.

For sale by J & W Young, jr. Charles Stott, corner of 7th and the avenue: H Wade on 7th street; and by C & J B Jardella, corder of 12th street and the avenue Washington City

CHARLES CAHEN

Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Sixth street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and transcients, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in general for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

NEW GROCERY.

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